

J. J. BROWN & CO
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS
NOTIONS,
Boots and Shoes.

OMAHA, - - - - NEB.

J. A. WAKEFIELD,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
LUMBER.

Lath, Shingles, Pickets,
 SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOLDINGS, LIME, CEMENT
 &c., &c., &c., ETC.

STATE AGENT FOR MILWAUKEE CEMENT COMPANY!

Near Union Pacific Depot. - - - - OMAHANB

HENRY LEHMANN,

JOBBER OF

WALL PAPER,
 AND
WINDOW SHADES
 EASTERN PRICES DUPLICATED.
 118 FARNAM ST. - - OMAHA

STEELE, JOHNSON & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND JOBBERS IN

Flour, Salt, Sugars, Canned Goods, and
 All Grocers' Supplies.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of
 CIGARS AND MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.

Agents for BENWOOD NAILS AND LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

JOHNSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS
 POWER AND HAND

PUMPS
 Steam Pumps, Engine Trimmings,
 MINING MACHINERY, BELTING, IRON PLATES AND IRON FITTINGS, PIPE, STEEL
 PACKING, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HALLADY WIND-MILLS, CHURCH AND SCHOOL BELLS
 Cor. Farnam and 10th Streets Omaha, Neb.

Omaha Steam Laundry.

The only Laundry in Nebraska that is supplied with complete machinery
 for Laundry work. Send your orders by mail or express.
 GOTTHEIMER, GODFREY & CO.,
 1207 Farnham Street.

P. BOYER & CO.
 DEALERS IN

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO.

Fire and Burglar Proof

SAFE & VAULTS,
LOCKS, C.
 1020 Farnam Street,
OMAHA, - - - - -

W.B. MILLARD.
 F. B. JOHNSON
 MILLARD & JOHNSON,
 Storage, Commission and Wholesale Fruits.

1421 & 1423 FARNHAM STREET.
 CONSIGNMENTS COUNTRY PRODUCE SOLICITED!

Agents for Peck & Baumer's Lard, and Wilber Mills Flour
 OMAHA, - - - - - NEB.

REFERENCES:
 OMAHA NATIONAL BANK,
 STEELE, JOHNSON & CO.,
 TOOTLE MAUL & CO.

C. F. GOODMAN,
 WHOLESALE DEALER IN
 DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS

Window and Plate Glass:

Any one contemplating building store, bank, or any other fine
 vantage to come out with us before purchasing their Plate Glass.

C. F. GOODMAN,
 OMAHA - - - - - NEB.

BERQUIST BROTHERS,
 MANUFACTURERS OF

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
 AND EXPRESS WAGONS.
 Repairing Done in all Branches

F. C. MORGAN,
 WHOLESALE GROCER,
 1213 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

"Wanted—An Office Boy.
 Correspondence Philadelphia desired."

Speaking of advertisements reminds me of an adventure that befell a young man of my acquaintance the other day. This young man has just set up an office of his own, and his next move was to bill an office boy. Boys are plentiful enough in New York, but you cannot always lay your hand on the right one at the right moment, so he concluded to advertise in The Herald. He wrote a neat little card setting forth his wants: "WANTED—An office boy; one who lives with his parents; salary, \$3 a week. Address in own handwriting, H. L. J., Herald office." In a day or two he called at The Herald office for his reply and found about one hundred answers awaiting him. There were too many to open in the counting room of The Herald, so he tied them up, and carried them to his own office which was near by. Seating himself at his desk he picked up the first one in the pile and opened it. As he did so the blushing mounted his cheeks and his eyes stared in surprise at the sheet of note paper and no name, for this is what he read: "H. L. J.—Sir: I should be pleased to accept the position you offer. I am 22 years old, a blonde, five feet, five inches high, measure thirty-eight inches across the bust and twenty-three inches around the thighs. Address Addeo James, 108 W. 14th st., City." Very much puzzled the young man took up the next letter. That was all right. The writer was a boy of 15 years, desiring such a position as he had advertised for. With a sigh of relief he took up the next. It was written on pink note paper, and the perfume of Jockey club reached his nose. The handwriting was cramped and showed at once the writer's unfamiliarity with pen and ink as modes of expression. It read: "To H. L. J.—Dear Sir: I send you my advertisement in today's Herald, and would answer it in person if I knew your address. I think that I will suit your purpose. I am 25 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high; my hair is thick and dark, my waist measure is twenty-two inches, my bust measure thirty-six inches, my ankles are small and I measure twenty-four inches around the thighs. My terms per hour to gentlemen are five cents draped, one dollar nude. Call at—West Twenty-seventh street, and ask for Minnie." To say that the young man was dumbfounded by these letters would not do justice to his emotions. However, he continued to open them, the next ten being proper answers to his advertisement. The eleventh was in a large, square envelope, and the handwriting thoroughly illegible. The writing inside showed a hesitancy on the part of the writer, though it was large and characteristic. It was as follows:

H. L. J.—Dear Sir: Nothing but the direst necessity would induce me to answer your advertisement. I must do something to earn my bread, and I do not know how to do any kind of work. I may say, without vanity, that I have a good figure. I am tall and slender, and my head is small, and I have been told, well-set upon my shoulders. If you think that I would answer your purpose, please address, in confidence, ——, No.

— Fifth avenue, P. S.—I hope you understand that I mean draped." My friend sprang from his chair and paced the floor. "What is the name of Oscar Wilde, does this mean?" he exclaimed aloud. "Why are these draped and undraped females thrashing themselves upon me in this manner? Is some one playing a practical joke upon me, or am I mad?" It was some time before he had the courage to go on with his task, but at last he seated himself again and went to work. Out of a hundred letters sixty were in the manner of those I have quoted. When he had finished reading them he stuck a pin in his arm to see if he were awake or not; this proved to his entire satisfaction that he was, and that seemed to add to his bewilderment. As he sat ankle-deep in the opened letters, his hair pushed violently outward by nervous fingers, a knock sounded on the door. He sprang to his feet and seized a chair by the back as though to defend himself, and, with face aflush, shouted: "Who's there—are you draped or nude?" "What the devil do you mean?" said a young lawyer glancing over a few of them and heard what my friend had to say, and then, with a true lawyer's sagacity, asked for a copy of The Herald containing the advertisement. He took the triple sheet and looked carefully through the wants. "Here is the solution to your puzzle," he soon exclaimed, "the same initials you have used are signed to an advertisement for an artist's model." My young friend was relieved, and at once set to work to gather the model's letters together for their rightful owner. "What are you going to do with them?" asked the lawyer. "Send them to the other H. L. J.," said he. "Young man, you're a fool," answered the lawyer; "don't send these letters back until you have answered them." "Answered them! I haven't got time to sit down and write sixty explanatory letters to artist's models." "Young man, you are more of a fool than I thought. Answer them in person. I will go with you. Here is my fare. We will be artists for the time being." I regret to say that my young friend agreed to the proposition, and the two started out in quest of a model. We will not follow them.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Skin Ulcers, Scars, & var. Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every refundable. Price, 25 cents per dr. for sale, by G. F. Goodman

He Sat Down.

We were running through South Carolina when a great big giant of a fellow with a terrible eye and voice like a fog-horn boarded the train at a small station. I think most of the passengers sized him up as a chap whom it would be dangerous to argue with, but the giant wasn't satisfied with that. He blustered at the con-

ductor, growled at the brakeman and looked around as if seeking some one to pick a fight with. Everybody answered him civilly, and he had two or three seats to himself, but the man who wants a row can generally find some pretext. About the center of the car a pale-looking chap about 25 years old occupied a seat and was reading a newspaper. After a time the giant rubbed strong to where the young man sat and growled out:

"Stranger, what may be the first cost of such a seat as yours?"

The young man looked up with a frown in his big blue eyes, and turned to his paper without replying.

"Hey! Did you hear me?" roared the others as he leaned over the seat and lifted the young man's head.

Quicker than one could count six a shining revolver came from you couldn't tell where, lifted itself on a level with the big man's eye, and the white fingers clutching the butt never trembled a hair's breadth as a quiet voice uttered the words:

"Drop that hat!"

The hat fell from the giant's grasp, and the quiet voice continued:

"Now sit down or I'll kill you!"

The muzzle of the weapon was not six inches from the man's eye, and I saw him turn from red to white in ten seconds. He backed away at the command, sat down in a seat opposite, and never stood up or spoke another word during his ride of twenty miles. He had a "navy" under his coat, but something in that quiet voice and blue eyes warned him that the move of a finger on his part would crash a bullet into his head.

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that material fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It relieves the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

Why a Montana Postoffice Was Abolished.

The postoffice at Iron Rod, M. T., has been discontinued, and the explanation is thus given by an official of the department: "A postoffice agent, while officially visiting various offices in Montana territory for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of postmasters, stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the postoffice he found the room divided into three sections—first a room next the postoffice, and last a bank room, the mail bag was brought in, a rough-looking customer opened it and emptied the contents on the floor. The entire crowd at once got down on their hands and commenced overhauling the letters, among which several were registered, and selected such as they wanted. After they were through the remaining letters were shoved into a candle box and placed on the bar. The special agent thinking the office needed a little regulation, asked the bartender, who had received and distributed the mail, if he was the postmaster. He answered, (No.) 'Are you the assistant postmaster?' (No.) 'Where is the postmaster?' (No) 'Out mining.' Where is the assistant postmaster?" (No) "To Hell's canon; and by thunder Pill Jones has got to run this office next week; it's his turn." The government official then stated who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The bartender coolly took the candle box from the bar, placed it on the floor and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying, "There's your postoffice, and now get out." The agent says: "I know the customs of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got. This is why the postoffice at Iron Rod was discontinued."

TIME TO PAY TRUST.

Too much cannot be said of the ever faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough purifying, the best medicine is a well-tempered, blood-purified, and malarial poison exterminated, she must know that the Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world and only cost fifty cents. Sold by C. F. Goodman.

DRUGS AND MEDICINE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINE.